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No. 124 Vol. III.

CITY

ONE PENNY
Mar. 29, 1878.

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Come, Birdie, Come.
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Sweet Briar Polka.
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MARCH 29, 1878.

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WEDDING CAKES.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 124.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

PUBLIC-HOUSE ORATORS.

EVERYBODY is tolerably well aware of the important part which the public-house plays in English politics. In many boroughs—one not very far from Manchester, for instance—it is all-powerful, and is able to return a couple of members to Parliament, washing them into the august precincts of St. Stephen's on a tide of beer, in which whosoever will may bathe provided he manages to come out covered with blue dye. But it appears to me that the popular notion of the public-house is somewhat unfair. We are accustomed to look at it merely as a bribing place for voters—at least at election times—whereas it is really also a great educational agency where many of the said voters receive instruction in grave matters of State. In other words, we are apt to give too much credit for results to public-house landlords, and too little, or none at all, to public-house orators.

Now it is beyond doubt that pot-house oratory flourishes best in villages or very small towns. Men there have more time, or they are less hurried, which is the same thing, and are able both to talk and listen to others talking without concerning themselves much about the march of the enemy. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that the genuine public-house orator is to be found only in such places; you may still find him even in cities like Manchester, though it must be confessed that, as a rule, they lack the sober dignity of the village politician, and do not readily fit into such idyllic pictures of village alehouse conclaves as those with which writers on country life have made us familiar.

To show that the breed is not yet extinct, I shall introduce my readers into the parlour of a quiet pub, let us say about a mile from the Exchange. The room is a very small one, and tenanted—as you see after peering for some time through clouds of tobacco smoke—by about a dozen persons, each of whom has something comforting before him. Ten of the number are listening earnestly to the other two, one of whom is a stout, choleric-looking man, whose chief characteristics are a huge shirt collar and a thick watchchain, and the other is small, thin, and wiry, with no visible shirt collar at all, and with trousers which seem as if they had been made for his little boy. The stout man is smoking a long clay pipe, and the other a dirty little black one, which wins me to his side at once, and compels me to take a deep interest in him. I always respect a man who smokes a short black pipe, because I know he is a genuine smoker, and none of your dilettanti, who sport meerschaums and fancy briars rather for the look of the thing than from a real liking for the weed which is burnt in them.

I have said I was impelled to take sides with the little man, which evidently implies that there was another side to take. And so there was. The two were holding hot argument, and the listeners seemed to be pretty equally divided into partisans of one or the other. Just then it struck me that I might render a service to the public at large by recording the opinions which were uttered, for I have often thought it a pity that so much eloquence should be wasted on a small and select circle, and one of the best means of knowing what our rulers think consequently lost. By a strong exercise of memory I have, therefore, managed to preserve a good portion of the evening's debate in the free-and-easy of the "Pig and Whistle."

My entrance seemed to have produced a momentary lull, but, finding me quite inoffensive and unobtrusive, the disputants soon began again.

"Sir," said the stout man to the other, "do you think we're going to let a Russian horde of savages trample on our rights? No sir, I tell you Dizzy knows what he is about. Gladstone and his crew ought to be ashamed of themselves, sir. They are acting contrary to the principles of Magna Charta, sir, which says that India is the true inheritance of the Englishman. Do you think that if Julius Caesar could have seen what we

have come to now that he would have come over from France to uphold the British Constitution? No sir, the thing's impossible, and if six millions wont do it, why we'll give 'em sixty or six hundred, there"—and the stout man having worked himself up to a boiling pitch brought his hand down on the table with an awful smash, and began sucking moodily at his pipe.

"What you say about Gladstone is all nonsense, sir," said the little man. "I'll back him agin the world, I will. Aint he the working man's friend? Didn't he pull down the Irish Church which was a vampire that sucked the blood of the Irish working man? Didn't he try to give us more pay and less work? Wasn't he one of the Chartists that signed Magna Charta, thirty years ago, and isn't he going to take off all the taxes when he gets in again? And you stand up for the Turks? A pretty thing, indeed! Don't they eat their own mothers-in-law, and fling their aged parents into the sea? That's the sort of men they are."

"Taxes," said the stout man, contemptuously; "look at what Dizzy has done! Why, hasn't he relieved local taxation? Answer me that."

"Well," said the other, "and what if he has? What good does it do to you or me? Do we get our beer any cheaper? and aint meat a shilling a pound still?"

"But look at the principle, sir," rejoined the stout man, who was rapidly getting into a rage; "look at the principle, sir. Is principle nothing, sir? You talk about local taxation. Do you know what local taxation is? No, sir, I believe you don't. It is the great bulwark against tyranny; it is the chief glory of our liberty, sir; it is the first boon conferred upon us by our glorious Constitution; and you tell me that is nothing? No, sir, it is everything; and that's why Dizzy relieved it, sir."

And the stout man looked round triumphantly, as a murmur of applause was raised by the listeners.

"What do I care about your British Constitution?" vociferated the little man; "it's a farce, I tell you. What does the Constitution do for me? Will it make the baker give me loaves for nothing? Will it enable me to live on the fat of the land? Will it take my part against the bloated aristocrats who are feeding on my vitals? Will it insist upon a man giving me credit when I haven't any money? So, sir, it's no use for you to talk; you know it will not. I don't care for your Constitution, sir. D—n the Constitution!"

"D—n the Constitution?" shouted the stout man, aghast.

"D—n the Constitution!" echoed the majority of the company, equally flabbergasted at such frightful sedition.

"Yes, d—n the Constitution, I say," said the little man. "What's the Constitution done for me? It aint bread, is it? It aint beer, is it? Of course it aint. What does the Constitution do, that's what I want to know; where is it; who's got it; and what do they do with it? No, sir, don't think to come it over me with your Constitution. I am a freeborn Englishman, sir, and I don't mean to be trampled underfoot by a bloated aristocracy who thinks it's got a Constitution to back it. We'll make 'em sit up one of these days, I tell you. They'll have to take a back seat, and no mistake. D'ye think we're going on seeing our children ground to powder beneath the hoofs of people who take advantage of the Constitution to tyrannise over us? D'ye think we'll always let ourselves be obliged to work, whether we like it or not, for the men who gorge and fatten on our blood because the Constitution says we ought to? No, sir, I say again, never. I repeat—D—n the Constitution!"

And the little man, who during this burst of eloquence had worked himself into a pitch of frenzy, jumped to his feet as he uttered the last words, and dashed his pipe violently into the grate, damaging it irreparably. My sympathy with him forthwith expired. A man who would treat a sweet little black clay like that was even capable of voting for Mr. Cypher Walker at the last Salford election.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenahnlme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

We all waited with some anxiety for what the stout man would say. He had been grunting and puffing and getting nearly black in the face with rage while his opponent was speaking; indeed, his aspect was so alarming that I expected every moment he would go into an apoplectic fit.

"Sir," said he, solemnly, at last, "I never expected to hear treason uttered in the parlour of the Pig and Whistle, of all places. Do you know what you have said, sir? Why, you said, 'D—n the Constitution!'"—and, overcome with emotion at the very thought of so serious an offence, the stout man hid his face in the large pewter pot before him.

"Well," interrupted the little man, who was getting rather uneasy, "I didn't quite mean that; I meant —"

"No matter what you meant, sir, you said 'D—n the Constitution.' I hope," continued he, in sepulchral tones, "that you may be spared to repent of such wickedness, but"—and here he slowly shook his head and was again overcome. "You ask what is the Constitution?" continued he. "Sir, the Constitution is that glorious, that magnificent, I may even say that fine, system which was built up by William Pitt, sir, by William the Conqueror, sir, (the speaker's tone increased in vehemence with each name) by Lord Palmerston, and by Disraeli, sir, and cemented with the blood and hair and bones of our gallant posterity. I am astonished, sir, that any British citizen can have the audacity, yes, sir, I say the audacity, to d—n the Constitution under which he lives. Shade of Wellington (the stout man here unconsciously imitated one of the favourite exclamations of Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P.)—shade of Wellington! it is come to this, that a man at this 'Pig and Whistle,' in the year 1878, should d—n the Constitution. I will tell you what the Constitution is, sir. It is not feudalism. It is not despotism. It is not Popery. It is not Gladstonism. It is that remarkable, that admirable, that marvellous, that extraordinary conglomeration of fortuitous and uncontrollable forces. (Applause.) It is that singular, that splendid, that sublime organization. (Loud applause.) It is that truly awe-inspiring, that sublime—(tremendous applause)—it is, in short—

"Eleven o'clock," bawled the landlord; "turn out, gentlemen, if you please."

The stout man's eloquent exposition of the Constitution is stopped in an instant.

"Eleven o'clock," muttered he, in rather nervous accents; "I wonder whether the old woman's waiting up." And he sneaked off very much like a boy who has tumbled into the mud, and expects to receive parental correction when he goes home.

The little man and several other members of the company also departed with what seemed to me unnecessary haste. It only afterwards struck me that they were married.

And I, as I went away home, thanked my stars that at last I had a pretty clear notion of what the British Constitution really is—thanks to my friends the pot-house orators!

ONLY.

WHAT is the little modest thing
Gladdening the poet's heart in the Spring
With an infinite, undefinable glee—
Ocular proof as it is to me
Of the tender thoughts of a Higher Power?—
Only an April flower.

What is the splash on the window pane?
What is the cause of the mud in the lane?
What is the cause of the rainbow's sheen?
And the rifts in the clouds where the blue is seen—
Seen from the porch 'neath the old church tower?
Only an April shower.

What is the song that I sing to-day?
List to the donkey's cheerful bray.
Own that a brute with a man may share
Gladness of heart when the day is fair,
What is the lay which I thus prolong?
Only an April song.

What is the name of the writer be?
What is the mood shall solace me?
Sadly I fear that the folks will say
As the sunbeams slant and the shadows play
On the dripping boughs and the dimpled pool—
Only an April fool!

WHY GO TO WAR?

IT may be remembered that some weeks ago we asked, and endeavoured to answer, the question, "Who Wants War?" We had no difficulty in producing reliable evidence to show that it was our friends the Tories who want war. Not only have the Liberals striven all along to keep England out of the bother, but they likewise believe, almost to a man, that there would have been no hostilities between Russia and Turkey if our Government had not isolated themselves from the other Governments in the movement to make Turkey do her duty. As it is the Tories, then, who want war, perhaps they will allow us to examine them in regard to the reasons why they would go to war. Every reader of a Tory paper, every listener to a Tory speech, every person who has a Tory friend, are well aware that these reasons are numerous and varied, imaginary and dimmy. One wants to go to war with Russia because she is so aggressive and aggrandising—the truth being that England is far more so; another says we cannot allow Russia to possess Constantinople—the truth being that she has no intention of doing anything so foolish; a third wants war in order to keep the passage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean open and free—the truth being that the passage is in no way threatened; a fourth cries out that the Suez Canal must be protected at whatever cost—the truth being that the Suez Canal is hundreds of miles from Constantinople; a fifth raves about our road to India being in danger—the truth being that if Russia gets all she asks for in the new Treaty she won't be near any part of our road to India; a sixth shrieks over the sacredness of Treaties—the truth being that both Turkey and England have themselves put their foot into the Treaties of 1856 and 1871. These seem to be the main reasons urged by the Tories why we should go to war. Others, of a minor character, relate to the rivalries and jealousies between nations and royal families and the like. We have even heard a sober-minded Conservative proclaim that his chief reason for wishing war was in order that the question of the worth or the worthlessness of our ironclad Fleet might be settled, once and for ever! Certain of the Tory prints give expression to reasons which are equally unique. One thinks that, although the Government have lost much by postponing action so long, "we may yet redeem all, and with comparative ease, though not without energy." Then follow these extraordinary words: "No brave Englishman ought to doubt it, and those who profess to doubt it are not Englishmen."

"Why go to war?" Things again look so bad in the East that every man, whatever his politics, should look the question fairly in the face, and seek to answer it calmly and satisfactorily. The worst portion of the Tory Press is hounding on the Government to war. Members of the Cabinet are called all manner of hard names because they shrink from plunging us into hostilities, the very thought of which makes sensible men shudder, and the end of which not even the wisest men amongst us can foresee. *Financial Opinion*—a London sixpenny weekly, from which we gave some extracts last week—speaks of the Prime Minister as though he were dead. "As"—these are its words—"the now disembodied spirit of Lord Beaconsfield once said in the flesh and blood of Benjamin Disraeli (the once living man of fire, genius, and resource), 'it is the unforeseen that happens.' The unforeseen has happened again in the shape of the Greek incident." The Earl of Derby is charged with having "looked winked" the country, and his policy is characterised as "infamous." England's sun is rapidly setting. If we don't go to war, "it is only because the country has grown fat and fit only to be preyed upon by others." Men of all parties and classes—the Cabinet and the Opposition, the millionaire and the litterateur—are merely playing into the hands of Russia, the great arch fiend amongst the nations, the opponent of progress, the enemy of the whole human race. "You have had Mr. Gladstone," we are told, "bareheaded, huzza'd by fifty thousand scatterbrains in Birmingham; you have unutterable pamphlets about unspeakabilities; you have the *Times* thundering away for a couple of years against the ridiculous nonsense of common honesty and treaty law; you have several hundred bankers nervously apprehensive and reticent, when not loudly positive, upon the imperial value of the Russian credit; you have all the German bankers from one set of motives, and the French bankers from a diametrically opposite set of motives, and the Austrian and Italian bankers from other wholly distinct motives still, bent upon propping up the Russian credit." The present disposition is coming to an end, in short; already, we behold "the wreck of empires," and hear "the crash of worlds;" and all because, instead of rushing headlong into a war which does not concern us and in which we would probably lose a great deal more than we gained, we counsel each man of sense to ask himself, again and again, "Why Go to War?"

G. L. DARBY,

Practical Umbrella Manufacturer, 55, Oxford Street, and 6, Stretford Road. Umbrellas Re-covered. Umbrellas Repaired. Umbrellas Made to Order. All work done on our own Premises, at the shortest notice, by Practical Workpeople.

CHARLEY THE CHARMER.

[BY W. T. CHARLEY, ESQ., M.P.]

YOU were quite right, Mr. City Jackdaw, when you said the other week that, after much consideration, I had consented to become a candidate for the office of Common-Sergeant of London. You added that it would be a pleasure to you to receive a copy of the testimonials which I had sent in to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Councilmen of London. I like you too well not to comply with your every wish. But, in transmitting to you a copy of the beautiful volume in question, allow me to set forth, briefly, all the nice things it contains. First of all, in my application, I go it in this fashion:—

"The principle of centralisation threatens seriously to imperil those liberties of which your venerable municipality has for many centuries been the most consistent and unflinching advocate. It will be my pride, as well as my privilege, if elected to the office of Common-Sergeant, to support in my place in Parliament the good old Anglo-Saxon principle of local self-government, of which the Corporation of the city is recognised throughout the civilised world as at once the most independent and the most influential expression. That principle is enshrined in your local laws and customs, and these, to the best of my humble ability, I am prepared steadfastly to uphold. The administration of criminal and also of civil justice is a most important duty which devolves upon the Common-Sergeant. As to my fitness for the discharge of this two-fold duty, I with some confidence invite your perusal of the testimonials from eminent persons who have personal knowledge of me, which are appended to this address. Since I have entered the Inner Temple, twenty-one years ago, I have given my uninterrupted attention, first, to the study under the Bar, and then to the practice at the Bar, of my profession. At the final examinations for my call to the Bar, I was awarded first-class honours, and the exhibition in common law, equity, real property, Roman law, constitutional law, and legal history, by the Council of Legal Education. My latest efforts have been directed to the elucidation, in a work (The Judicature Acts)—now widely known—and the new system of practice and pleading in the Supreme Court of Judicature. Having served on many committees, both in and out of Parliament, having draughted many rules and reports, and practised conveyancing, and having presided over many public meetings, I am familiar with the construction of written documents, with the ruling on points of order, and with the technical principles which govern debate. Whether in the Court of Common Council, on committees, or in private, I shall be happy, if elected, to afford each member of the Corporation every facility for consulting me. During the ten years that I have enjoyed a seat in the legislature, I have succeeded—with the kind assistance of your late recorder, Mr. Russell Gurney—in carrying many Acts of Parliament for the protection of women and children, and, generally of social reform. I may add, that in 1868 the University of Oxford, at which I graduated in Arts in 1856, conferred upon me, by special grace, the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Civil Law."

That, you'll admit, has a genuine ring about it. But that's a mere nothing. It was only what I had to say of myself. The estimation in which others hold me might make the very gods envious. This, for example, is what a few distinguished persons think about me:—Sir John Holker, the Attorney-General, is kind enough to say: "At the Bar you have had a fair share of work, especially in the criminal courts; and when you have not been engaged in conducting cases you have always been a diligent student of the law." That is good. But this, from the Solicitor-General (Sir Hardinge Gifford), is incomparably better: "Your experience in criminal courts, your familiarity with parliamentary procedure, and your great diligence and learning, seem to me to justify you in seeking the office; and I doubt not that if you are successful, you will fill it with advantage to the public, and to the entire satisfaction of the Corporation." Others—such as Mr. E. P. Wolstenholme, Q.C.; Mr. William Willis, Q.C.; Mr. T. H. Baylis, Q.C. (Judge of the Liverpool Court of Passage); Mr. J. B. Aspinall, Q.C. (Recorder of Liverpool); Mr. W. H. Higgin, Q.C. (Chairman of the Salford Hundred Quarter Sessions); and Mr. Samuel Pope (Recorder of Bolton)—say that I am a devoted clever fellow, fond of hard word, and every inch a gentleman. Then, as to my legal works, they have been praised by almost every Judge or big wig in the land. The papers, too, speak well of me as a writer on legal questions. But wherefore weary you? Let me wind up by giving you, in calendar form, a correct and handy compendium of all my charms:—

Mr. Charley (that's me) was born in March, 1833, and is, therefore, exactly 45 years."

1856. Graduated in arts at St. John's College, Oxford.

1857. Became a student of the Inner Temple.

*Mr. Sergeant Simon, born 1818, 60; Mr. Bristowe, born 1823, 55; Mr. Bourke, born 1827, 51. (Dod's "Parliamentary Companion.")

1861. Gazetted lieutenant in March, captain in October, in the 20th Middlesex Rifles, hon. colonel, the Duke of Sutherland, K.G.

1862. Conveyancing pupil to Mr. Wolstenholme, now conveyancing Counsel to the Chancery Division of the High Court, and formerly one of the land transfer commissioners.

1864. Pupil to Mr. William Willis, now one of Her Majesty's Counsel.

1865. Called to the Bar, with first-class honours and the exhibition. Joined the Northern Circuit and the Liverpool Sessions. Became a pupil in special pleading of Mr. Baylis, now one of Her Majesty's Counsel, and Judge of the Liverpool Passage Court. Became an elector and afterwards a freeman of the City.

1866. Wrote the "Law of London Cabs and Omnibuses." Assisted in founding the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, president, the Duke of Abercorn, K.G.

1868. Elected M.P. for Salford. Received the degrees of B.C.L. and D.C.L., by accumulation, from the University of Oxford.

1869. Joined the Salford Hundred Sessions.

1870. Assisted in founding the Infant Life Protection Society.

1871. Gazetted major in the 20th Middlesex Rifles. Moved for and obtained a select committee on the protection of infant life.

1872. Carried two Acts of Parliament, the Infant Life Protection Act, 1872, and the Bastardy Laws Amendment Act, 1872.

1874. Re-elected M.P. for Salford. Carried sec. 12 of the Attorneys' and Solicitors' Act, 1874. Formed the committee, containing 135 members of Parliament, 35 peers, and 40 Queen's Counsel, which preserved the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords.

1875. Carried the Offences Against the Person Act, 1875, and the Legal Practitioners' Act, 1875. In October, produced the first edition of the "Judicature Acts," and in November the second edition (the first edition being all sold in three weeks). Also the second edition of the Real Property Acts, 1874, 1875.

1876. Wrote the third edition of the Real Property Acts, and the articles on "Flax" and "Linen," in the "British Manufacturing Industries." Carried the Legal Practitioners' Act, 1876. Commenced to edit "The New Practice Cases." Enrolled a Member of the Lincolns' Company.

1877. Wrote the third edition of the "Judicature Acts." Joined the committees of the Religious Tract Society and of the Church of England Sunday School Institute.

Mr. Charley is also a member of the committee of the South American Missionary Society, and of the Church of England Young Men's Society.

N.B.—In some of the measures of Social Reform carried by Mr. Charley, a deep interest was taken by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

So, Common-Councilmen, in me—W. T. Charley, Esq., M.P. for Salford—you have no common man. You'll surely make me your uncommon Common-Sergeant. Meanwhile, bye, bye! Cook-a-loo-ra-loo!

THE ROSEBUD.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

BEST see this sweet rosebud
That ope to the air—
Its fragrant young beauty
So blushing fair?
Even thus, O my darling,
My sweet Eulalie,
Thy beauty unfolded,
Bright, joyous, and free,
Enthralling my spirit
In homage to thee.

This rose will soon wither,
Its beauty will die;
And wilt thou then heed it,
Vouchsafe it a sigh?
So, too, all the graces
Thou findest in me
May soon languish and fade,
And thy poor Eulalie
Will then be neglected,
Forgotten by thee.

I'll pluck this sweet rosebud,
And many a year,
Though its loveliness vanish,
It still shall be dear.
And thus, O my darling,
My sweet Eulalie,
I will tenderly cherish
And watch over thee,
Though thy beauty should fade
Thou'lt be dearer to me.

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.

W. ARONBERG has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, so far as possible, completely remove, the inconveniences which arise from defective sight.—12, VICTORIA STREET.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., regards Thirlmere as an important British Interest.

That, in his view, the Russians—we beg pardon, the Manchester Corporation—are seriously threatening it.

That surely Mr. Forster won't deny that Manchester is also an important British Interest.

That, after all, the people of Manchester only wish to make Thirlmere more lovely in itself as well as more useful in its day and generation.

That Mr. Bateman gave Mr. Easton a terrible slating in his re-examination on Tuesday.

That, according to Mr. Bateman, Mr. Easton's scheme for giving Manchester a better supply of water wouldn't hold water at all.

That, as Mr. Bateman replied to Mr. Easton, he looked as though he should have liked to eat him.

That the technical difficulties about the meeting of the Congress are enough to drive a man mad.

That the question is whether, as to the Treaty of Peace, we are to have submission, discussion, or decision (that is, excision); or whether it is to be submission, discussion, and decision (that is, excision).

That the English Government go in for submission, discussion, and decision (that is, excision).

That the Russian Government hold out against either submission, discussion, or decision (that is, excision).

That we cannot set forth the situation in simpler terms.

That Russia says she has supplied each of the Great Powers with a copy of the Treaty.

That she considers this to be quite sufficient.

That the various Powers know all about the Treaty and the several Special Envoys may determine what they like about it at the Congress.

That England says Russia should formally submit the Treaty to the Congress.

That England considers the Congress should discuss, and, as a matter of course, decide upon, the whole of the Treaty.

That how this little embroglio will end, no man knows.

That, it is true, Mr. Cipher Cipher Walker, M.P., considers that peace will not be broken.

That Mr. Cipher Cipher Walker is a wise man, and we sincerely hope his wisdom has not failed him in this particular instance.

That the policy of our Government is a sort of pitch-and-toss business.

That they might as well, at one of their numerous Cabinet Councils, resolve to let the question of peace or war be decided by tossing.

That heads might mean peace, and tails might mean war.

That this method of settling the affair, we are sure, would give every satisfaction to the great Tory Party.

That Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P., believes that Mr. Charley is an extremely good fellow.

That many other distinguished persons are of the same mind, as witness what they say in recommending him to the office of Common-Sergeant.

That some of the Home Rule M.P.'s made a determined stand against the Mutiny Bill because flogging is still practised in the Army and Navy.

That, judging from what occurred in Parliament on the occasion, it mightn't be a bad thing to introduce flogging into the House of Commons as well.

That as Her Majesty's Judges went up the steps of the Assize Court, last Monday, the buglers very appropriately played "Rule Britannia."

That one of the Judges said they played it Bretty well; we' Lopes not trying to become a punster.

That Mr. Edward Stanley Bent, solicitor, will probably now be of opinion that honesty is the best policy.

That a good many other attorneys, and especially some of Mr. Bent's friends, are shaking in their shoes.

That Mr. Bent will be kept posted up in Manchester affairs, as some of his friends are not at all unlikely to join him during his enforced retirement from public life.

That, after the curious action which was heard on Wednesday, the Mayor of Manchester will probably be rather chary of giving advice to parents respecting the management of their sons.

That, nevertheless, it is to be hoped that his Worship's philanthropy will not be materially lessened by this a-Bateman-t.

That if the members of the Junior Reform Club are as zealous in Parliamentary contests as they were in the contest for their own committee, we ought in future to return three Radical members for Manchester.

TELEGRAPH CLERKS AS SLAVES.

WHITE slaves should enlist our sympathy just as surely as black slaves. According to a writer in the *Examiner*, the unfortunate telegraph clerks in Manchester are so many wretched slaves. This "Telegraph Clerk" invokes public opinion to come over and help them. "In this age of humanity," he says, "will no one lift up a voice on behalf of the poor telegraph clerks, confined by hundreds in that ill-ventilated, badly-constructed building in York Street, never for one minute clear of its busy, hard-working inmates? For us, Whit-week, Easter, Bank holidays, are only days on which our friends enjoy themselves. One small yearly holiday comes often in the middle of the winter, when a country excursion is quite out of the question. Our daily work varies from eight to twelve hours, with no outdoor interval; a meal hurried over in twenty minutes is the most allowed to us." The writer proceeds to say that they are fined for all sorts of offences, such as being late, neglecting an instrument calling, and rising to stretch themselves when wearied and cramped. He is sure that no parent, aware of the way in which the clerks are treated, would send a son into the telegraph service. All this looks and sounds very bad, indeed. But we believe "A Telegraph Clerk" is not to be regarded as a trustworthy witness. Things are not so terrible in the large establishment in York Street as he would have the public believe. "Another Telegraph Clerk," writing to the same paper, says the first letter was full of exaggerations and mis-statements. From what we ourselves know of the Telegraph Office, and the gentlemen at the head of it, we have no doubt that "A Telegraph Clerk" would—if he should ever get there—find fault with the discipline of Heaven itself. We know several of the best telegraph clerks in the city, and we never heard one of them making a single complaint as to the regulations and rules which prevail in the office. Moreover, if "A Telegraph Clerk" speaks the truth, how is it, we ask him, that so many boys and girls wish to enter the office and cannot do so, simply because the applications are so numerous? The slavery of the telegraph department cannot be so severe, after all, seeing that so many would gladly endure it—if they could.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

Is it true that the medical staff of the Royal Infirmary are trying to make themselves into a closer corporation than ever? Are they hedging themselves around with a new barrier against the outer world, and elevating their snug little coterie into a monopoly still more exclusive? There are whispers that within a week or two another change of the rules will be proposed by the medical staff, and from the facility with which they have on former occasions succeeded in changing the rules to serve their own purposes, we cannot treat these whispers as undeserving of attention. Did they not enlarge the franchise or widen the constitution to admit to their august circle a German doctor, of whose knowledge or achievements they felt quite sure that no one of them would ever have reason to feel envious? Did they not afterwards, by reverting to the original basis, restrict the franchise and narrow the constitution in order to keep out of their august circle the most accomplished physician in Manchester? and was it not suspected that they did this because his brilliant talents would have disturbed the even level of merit that prevailed among them? The majority at the Medical Board have never, at all events, shown such an amount of liberality, or even of toleration, as to relieve their motives in these two instances from distrust. If, therefore, the reverberations which reach us at this end of our whispering gallery are true, we need be under no doubt about the meaning of the recommendation which a majority—and that, of course, composed of the most exclusive section—of the medical staff are about to make to the governing body. When the assistant physicians are all made physicians, and the assistant surgeons are all made surgeons, the lieutenants, so to speak, will take brevet rank as captains, and they will be satisfied. Then the former captains are to satisfy themselves by providing that no one shall enter their select ranks hereafter, except those who have become members of the Royal College of Physicians or fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons, qualifications which are, we believe, only held by one or two of the whole of the present medical board. The proofs that are required of candidates for the honorary offices at the Infirmary are severe enough now, but under the new regulation they would become prohibitive in the case of almost every medical man in Manchester. To men possessed of riches and leisure the path to the Medical Board might still be open; but to the unendowed practitioner, no matter how wide his experience, or eminent his ability, the portal would be hermetically closed. Too long the honorary posts at the Infirmary have been the sport of social influence and the prizes of the affluent, and it may be hoped that the new managing administration will jealously scrutinise the scheme now under consideration, and thwart the design of those who would make of the Medical Board in our Infirmary a comfortable and exclusive little snuggery into which the working men of the profession must not intrude.

It is whispered that there is wailing and gnashing of teeth in a certain office in Brazennose Street, and confusion worse confounded in the Board of one of our most useful local societies. A secretary, who *will* have his own way, and a Board of Directors who insist upon *their* right to have their own way also; stubborn defiance on the one hand, and dignified resistance on the other; resignation requested and refused; general dead-lock and unpleasantness—these are some of the features of a struggle which is not unlike that maintained by Marshal Macmahon, the servant of the people, against the Chamber which represented the people. Of course, there is a solution of the difficulty. The obdurate official should be given the alternative *se soumettre ou se démettre*, and if that is placed before him clearly—and perhaps it has been by now—there is reason to believe that an evil would be removed, which otherwise threatened to impair the peace and efficiency of a society whose work has always commanded, and deserves to command, the highest respect.

It is whispered that a good many of the shareholders of the Manchester Carriage Company think this last mistake of Mr. Grundy's a little more serious than that unfortunate error *in re* the tramway scheme. That involved £10,000 or so; but then it was not made matter of public comment; while this letter to Bateman *père* about the conduct of Bateman *fils* was read in open court, published in all the local papers, and has necessarily been a topic of public talk. Of course Mr. Grundy did not take advantage of his position as Mayor to promote the interest of the chairman of the Carriage Company. That was not imputed by Mr. Russell, and if it had been, it would not have been believed. There is no ground whatever for doubting Mr. Grundy's integrity; nay, there is no

ground even for suspecting his motives in this transaction. All that was impeached was his discretion, and the impeachment touches him in a vulnerable point. It was undoubtedly indiscreet, when an action was threatened against the Carriage Company, that the chairman should, as Mayor, and on official paper, write to a gentleman at the time in the employment of the Mayor and Corporation, suggesting that he should restrain his son from proceeding with his suit. Such a letter, however innocent, is open to all sorts of evil constructions, and men should strive to avoid giving a chance to revilers when they live in the fierce white light that beats upon a Mayoral chair. The incident was perhaps made too much of by counsel, but it shows how awkward is the position of a gentleman who is Mayor of Manchester, and also chairman of the Carriage Company. If the two interests were always identical, the combination of the two offices in one man might be useful; but unfortunately, for some reason or other, for which the Town Council is certainly not to blame, the interests are more often antagonistic than the same.

The gallery has echoed whispers, and loud ones, this week, which have not been complimentary to Mr. H. T. Heywood or the authorities of the Manchester Royal Exchange. Why should not that admirable collection of George Cruikshank's works remain in the shop in Exchange Street? It is true they contain a number of cartoons and sketches which illustrate the evils of drinking habits; but do the directors fear that these may have a moral effect prejudicial to the trade of the restaurant or the receipts of the "Diving Bell"? It is far from our purpose to suggest that the restaurant—albeit dark and close—is dissipated, or that there is ought but sobriety in the cells beneath, wherein the genial John presides; but we venture to think that if the sale of liquors in one portion of the building is not considered discreditable, there is nothing in the excellent exhibition to place that in an inferior category. As to comparisons with waxwork shows and mock auctions—well, probably Mr. H. T. Heywood knows more about such things than we do; but with all respect to his enlightened opinion so elegantly expressed, we fail to see the analogy, or to see how any intelligent man can suppose an analogy to exist. Then stay thy hand, oh, amiable Simpson! Do not drive away these charming relics of poor George! If reforming zeal hath filled thine employer's with a new spirit, prithee recommend them first to clear out the liquor sellers from the temple, and substitute for the eating and drinking saloon a teetotal coffee-room wherein the temperate country manufacturers may meet for sober converse on Tuesday and Friday after 'Change!

NOSES!

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

PHILOSOPHERS are oft averring
About poor human nature erring,
That no one ever feels content
With what to him by fate is sent.

The *dictum* may, for aught I know,
Be true; I do not wish to throw
A doubt upon the words of sages,
Or on the wisdom of the ages.

What has—the reader interposes—
Philosophy to do with noses?
My friend, I now will tell you why
The mention of philosophy.

For take a man—however much
He be inclined to act as such,
However much inclined to envy,
Or eagerly with other men vie—

I say that you will find that no man
Will—be it Grecian, snub, or Roman—
Be ever found to envy those
Who have another sort of nose.

'Twas Nature's wisdom, I suppose,
Who has deemed that with his nose
A man should have no fault to find,
Nor envy others of his kind.

For just reflect upon—oh, Moses!—
The huge variety of noses
Which grace, or otherwise, the face
Of units of the human race.

And one word more—this is the last one—
Although the subject is a vast one—
Again the reader interposes;
He takes no interest in noses.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, } WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.
Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

AUTHORS AND ACTORS.

SOME years ago a cry went through the country that we were running the risk of Americanizing our political institutions. That danger—if it ever existed—at least terrifies us no longer. Another note of alarm, it will be remembered, was raised about the same time with reference to the future of our public amusements, which, we were told, were being rapidly, and nearly everywhere, Frenchified. In this case, as events have proved, the fear was only too well-grounded. Without ignoring the fact that honourable exceptions exist, farce and burlesque reign supreme in our theatres, gymnastics and brute strength in our "music" halls. Upholsterers, carpenters, and scene painters have become the principal men in scores of our theatres; and, even where things have not yet descended to such unfathomable depths, the author is lost sight of in the actor. It is the latter who makes this or that great part now-a-days; as for great pieces *per se*, they are unknown. The *Times*, referring to this state of things, in the course of its criticism of Mr. Henry Irving's impersonation of "Louis XI," makes the following trenchant remarks:—

"Nearly half a century ago an accomplished writer considered one of the main causes of the decline of the drama—then, as now, a frequent subject of complaint, as it ever has been in every country where it has risen to a great height—to lie in the subordination of the author to the actor. With our simple actors, he says, the play was everything; but now the public go not to hear the author, but to see the actor. He has no inclination to deery the importance of the latter, nor to undervalue the measure of such genius as has from time to time illumined his profession. But, without reserve or hesitation, he assigns him his place below the author, below the true creator, without whom he cannot exist. Those positions have been reversed, and the drama has suffered. So long, he continues, as the author is sunk to a subordinate station in the general 'corps dramatique,' second even to the mechanist and scene painter as well as to the actor—so long as even a really good play feebly or inadequately performed would have no chance of success—so long the drama will remain far below the poetic average of the elder period. It is easy, of course, to push this theory to extremes; it is easy, too, to answer that a return to the poetic average of the elder period is not to be desired. In an age when even a few people can be found to pride themselves on their ignorance of the great poets and to delight in asking who and what was Shakspeare, it can well be imagined with how strong a distaste any prospect of a return to the higher drama would be viewed. But that the theory is in itself a sound one the slightest reflection will show. When an author begins to be considered chiefly for his ability to furnish an actor with a good part—a part calculated to bring into particular prominence those points of excellence for which the actor is distinguished, an ability which he must be content to share with the wig-maker and the tailor—it is not difficult to understand the decline of dramatic writing. Like the Court painter or the Court poet, when such a personage existed, the author is liable 'to be sent for' at any moment. He can choose neither his subject nor his mode of treatment, unless, indeed, his choice may happen to jump with that of his employer. He must build only on the line laid down for him. The actor is peculiarly skilful in the expression of pathos or of passion; apt at provoking laughter or inspiring horror; he has a face or a figure, a style of speech, or a bearing specially adapted to one type of character. To bring these qualities prominently forward is the author's duty. Unfortunately, the easiest way of performing this duty is to neglect every other; to take care that there shall be no other object in the work which can distract the attention from the principal figure. In the level waste of the desert every molehill is a mountain, and every shrub a forest tree. When writing for the stage assumed this complexion there arose that 'pestilent heresy' which talks of an actor 'creating' a part. No one has ever dared to speak of an actor as 'creating' 'Hamlet,' or 'Othello,' or 'Macbeth,' or 'Shylock;' but it is not difficult to understand the meaning of the phrase, detestable as it is, when applied to Mr. Toole or Mr. Irving. We do not wish to imply that all writing for the stage is of this order, or, indeed, that any writing is altogether cribbed within such narrow limits, any more than we wish our mention of the names of Mr. Toole and Mr. Irving, as illustrations of our argument, to signify any disregard or depreciation of the abilities of two clever actors. But this way a great measure of modern dramatic literature most surely lies, and so long as this tendency is encouraged to the extent that it now is—and perhaps the public are more to be blamed for the encouragement than the actors—so long will one of the most serious evils which afflict the modern stage continue to exist. While this taste—not, we would hope and believe, a universal taste, but, beyond doubt, a very strong one—continues to be acknowledged and encouraged, single specimens of clever acting we may often see, as we do often see; but a really good play will be rare indeed. There may possibly be authors capable of producing such a work, but the opportunities for its production will be, and cannot but be, few."

Authors may almost be excused for imagining that actors are to blame. But leading tragedians tell them another tale. They say that while men like Mr. Toole are kept abundantly furnished with new pieces in the

burlesque line, they themselves, on the contrary, have to choose between constantly falling back on the old tragedies and idleness. A good farce, well played, is very desirable and enjoyable now and then; but to have too much of it vitiates the public taste and demeans the stage. The dramatic profession includes not a few ladies and gentlemen at the present moment who are thoroughly equipped to do justice to what is styled "the legitimate drama." What they lack, however, is a fair supply of worthy new productions. Failing that, they have to betake themselves to well-known pieces generations old, and, splendid as many of these are, no wonder that people get tired of their frequent repetition and ask for something "new."

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

LISTEN, ye gods, while I ask you appealingly,
Just to clear up our misgiving and doubt;
Tell us, oh, tell us, I beg you most feelingly,
What to think, utter, and what be about.
For, with these rumours, these lies, and this jargoning,
I am afraid—and with cause, you'll allow—
We may get something, for which we're not bargaining,
Tell us, oh, tell us then, where are we now?
First, there's the talk of proceedings Congressional,
How that a number sufficient are shot;
Perhaps could we get the Fates into confessional
They would say if there'll be Congress or not.
For, as the papers are making diurnally,
Peaceful predictions and threats of a row,
I, for one, find it each morning infernally
Hard to discover just where we are now.
Here is the *Telegraph* shrieking exultingly,
"England is just on the brink of a war!"
While the *Post* follows, proclaiming insultingly—
"Beaten, outwitted! we knew it before!"
But then the *Times* introduces complexity
Into the matter by showing us how
War is impossible. So in perplexity
I have again to ask, "Where are we now?"
And, besides this, there's a problem political,
Which I confess I'm unable to solve,
And though I treat it in mode Jesuitical,
Still in my mind it will always revolve.
Who can define me the Liberal principle?
Who is the leader to whom we should bow?
When will the party become quite invincible?
What should we think?—in short, where are we now?
Some answer Gladstone, and some will say, Hartington,
Some put up Fawcett, and others back Lowe,
Others, again, seem to think Mrs. Partington
Best can instruct us the way we should go.
What with our crochets, our fads, and philosophy,
I am so muddled and mixed that I vow,
That I'm reduced to go asking in gossipy,
Parrot-like accents, "Ah! where are we now?"
Then, again, now we have doubts theological,
Making one pensively scratch his old poll,
When he hears doctors with arguments logical
Prove very clearly he hasn't a soul.
But, as they differ, I oft must inquiringly
Say "am I more like an angel or cow?"—
Asking for ever the question untiringly,
"Tell me, ye learned ones, where are we now?"
Thus a poor mortal is badgered unceasingly,
And by these problems and troubles perplexed;
All of them getting more muddled increasingly,
So that he never knows where he'll be next.
Still, one must bear it with all the callosity
That such a singular case will allow,
And, now and then, with a faint curiosity,
Put the old question, "Ah! where are we now?"

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WHOA, FRASER!

THE ignorance which we often find existing in high quarters respecting matters concerning which everybody moving in the ordinary mediocre walks of life are perfectly well posted, is really most astounding. Bishop Fraser, although a high dignitary of the Church, has always impressed us as being a man who was well acquainted with the events of common life; but we find that he—even he—is behind the time, wonderful as that may appear. We were positively startled to hear him affirm, evidently seriously, the other night that he was ignorant of the meaning of "Whoa, Emma!" He has heard the boys in the street calling it out, but he does not know what it means; and, so far from seeing anything laughable about it, looks upon it as foolish—indeed, we think he spoke of it as tomfoolery, or something analogous. Now, this is really lamentable. We feel grieved not only that the Bishop should be so far behind the time but that, as a consequence, he should miss a good joke. "Whoa, Emma!" is sometimes a very pertinent observation, we assure his lordship; and we trust that he will at once make himself acquainted with its signification. Surely the Bishop would not fail to grasp the point of the joke if, in the midst of some lengthy address, he were to hear from some wearied auditor a gently-whispered "Whoa, Fraser!" We commend this to his lordship in all humility as his first practical lesson, the slight alteration in the phrase being made for the purpose of further and better elucidating the saying.

A WRINKLE FOR SALFORD.

THE spirit of the learned stipendiary magistrate for the Borough of Salford must indeed be sad within him when, holding the opinion which he does respecting the nature of the three-card trick in the eye of the law, he notes the unhappy fate of two of its skilful professors at the Asizes. Two men named Bennett and Mullaney, said to be botting men, were tried the other day, before Mr. Justice Brett, for fraudulently obtaining £20 from a Spanish sailor by means of this most disreputable game. While journeying by rail from Stalybridge to Manchester, having just been paid off at Hull after a voyage from San Francisco, this sailor, whose name is Peter Johnson, was induced by the prisoners and another man to join in a little game. They had "a small game," and "they played it that day upon Peter" in such a way as he no doubt afterwards "despised." Success attended Johnson's first effort and he was a sovereign, but afterwards he was unable to pick out "the picture of a woman" from amongst the three cards, and all his money, no less a sum than £20, found its way into the pockets of his hard entertainers. The prisoners set up an alibi, but they were found guilty and sentenced each to fifteen months' hard labour. Now this bare result must be sufficiently distressing to the feelings of any gentlemen holding the opinion that the "small game" in question is a game of skill, in which it is the old case of "the quickness of the heye deceiving the 'and," but as it often happens that the sting of a thing is in its tail, so in this case "the kindest cut of all" is contained in a word or two which fell from Mr. Justice Brett. His Lordship intimated very plainly that there could be no doubt that Johnson had been cheated, and observed that every child had heard of this three-card trick, the exponents of which knew just how to throw the cards so that the person who was trying to guess which was the queen should never guess aright. Now this is dealing a most sweeping blow at the opinion to which our good friend Sir J. I. Mantell holds so tenaciously. The game of skill viewed in this light looks very like a downright swindle, the victim being truly helpless. No doubt Sir John is perfectly conscientious in his conviction, being, if we remember rightly, fortified by having had the game played before him. But, in view of this expressed opinion of Mr. Justice Brett, might he not condescend to seriously reconsider the matter? Swindlers might thereby suffer, and honest, but perhaps foolish people, be further protected.

A STRAY TIP.—The favourite king is "Smo king!" Back him; he is sure to get a place—1, 2, 3. He is certainly well trained!

"ALL SAINTS!" shouted a 'bus guard the other night as his vehicle was pulled up opposite the end of, Cavendish Street, in Oxford Road. "Devil a one of us, an' get along wid ye out o' that. Ye are a imperdint spalpeen, so ye are, fur axin the quistion!" was the response from a rough-looking customer amongst the passengers.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD.

PRIOR to her departure for the United States, where she has accepted a brilliant engagement for the "fall," Miss Genevieve Ward is paying a brief visit to Manchester. A farewell visit we will not call it, for, American though she is, we must not allow America to monopolise the gifted actress. Miss Ward returns rather, we hope, to say *au revoir*, and—is it a happy managerial idea? or is it a woman's graceful wit?—she is about to make parting the sweetest of sorrow by contributing to a treat such as the Manchester playgoers have not enjoyed for some time. Miss Ward and Mr. Sims Reeves together offer "a combination and a form indeed" such as is rarely seen; and the one as "Meg Merilles" is to appear, while the other as "Henry Bertram" is—let us say—expected, and no doubt (T.V., which means *thorax volente*) will be seen in *Guy Mannering* at the Theatre Royal to-morrow and Monday nights. The part of "Meg Merilles" puts a double strain upon the capacity of an actress, for she has not only to exhibit great tragic force, but in a play like this, which is half an opera, she must display vocal power also, and it is rarely that the two qualifications are combined in the same person. Miss Ward, however, fortunately unites the two gifts. In Manchester, where she has played "Queen Katherine" and "Lady Macbeth," and where she has kept her audience spell-bound in a horror that seemed to overpower admiration as she unfolded with such ghastly fidelity the awful vision of the conscience-stricken woman—here, it is needless to say she will do full justice to the tragic part of the character. Her lyrical talents are less familiar to audiences in this city, and it is worth mentioning, therefore, that the tragedienne had already made a reputation as an accomplished *prima donna* before she essayed purely dramatic parts; and, as the *Guerrabella*, is still held in remembrance and high admiration in Havana and the States. Her "make-up" appears, from a notice of her performance in a Dublin newspaper, to be remarkably effective. "Her appearance," it says, "when she first strode upon the stage was strangely weird and impressive. Her face was tanned and haggard; her cheeks, neck, and arms seemed withered and shrivelled; and in the wild-eyed, wrinkled hag none could recognise the graceful and elegant 'Pottia,' or the handsome and imposing 'Medea.'" And of the last scene—that of Meg's death—the same journal says: "Her acting was simply superb, intense, and forcible in every particular, while her perfect taste and judgment saved the episode from exaggeration, or from any appearance of being overwrought. It was a magnificent piece of acting." Miss Ward, while in Dublin, also appeared in the *Antigone*, and won golden opinions. In connection with the production of the *Antigone* in Dublin a curious story is extant, which is worth telling. It was not, it seems, fully "understood of the people" in the gallery, who, despite some doubt as to its meaning or merit, and regarding it as a new play, were determined to render a meed of Irish courtesy to the author. Accordingly, when the curtain fell, there were loud cries for "Soph-okels!" "Soph-okels!"—"Author!" "Author!" But "Soph-okels" did not appear, and, the uproar increasing, the manager came to the front and said he was very sorry to say the author was not present—(uproar)—in fact, he could not conveniently attend—(more uproar)—for he had gone to another world more than two thousand years before. Then the "gods" gave themselves up to a demonstration, as though they felt that they had been deceived, when suddenly the disorder was changed to laughter as a thrill treble voice was heard above the din saying, "Why the dence didn't Soph-okels take his ould Auntie Goney wid him?"

DRD Charles Dillon refer to the *Jackdaw* when he exclaimed, in "Othello"—"Tis the caws, 'tis the caws, my soul?"

"Do you know St. Peter's Square?" asked a stranger, the other day, of a Milesian he met in Mosley Street. "St. Peter's quare, is he?" said Pat. "Well, bedad, but I'm sorry for that, any way; we do be havin' quare times altogether."

THE "By Jingo" party are at it again, hammer and tongs, as witness the following from yesterday's *Evening Mail*:—"It may be said that we cannot depend upon Turkish assistance, because their resources are exhausted. Be it so, in one sense. In another, we have money and they have men, and although the struggle between the Porte and Russia may be only on the threshold, this may, however, be said, that we will betide Austria if she should be a party either by compromise or pressure to Muscovite spoliation. Let England at once declare war, and seize Egypt, Mitylene, and the Straits; and then, may God defend the right."

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THE MUSEUM: A COMEDY.

SCENE I.—Saturday night. Senator MANLIUS seated, reading the leader of a weekly paper. He drops the paper, and meditates.

Senator Manlius. Yes, this is what I have waited for. Here is a peg on which I may hang an "exhibition of my public spirit." Ho, there! Pen, ink, and paper!

SCENE II.—The sanctum sanctorum of the Museum; Tuesday noon. VIRTUOSO DRYASDUSTUS, with arms folded, and in the act of self-contemplation; rises, and blows himself out, like the fabled frog.

V. Dryasdustus. "Ut sepe summa ingenia in occulto latent." True, oh, Plautus! Am I not a living example?

Enter Attendant.

Attendant. Th' ead gardener says he shall lay a complaint afore th' committee about your dogs, and—

V. Dryasdustus. Blow the—

Attendant. Senator Windmill, sir.

Senator Windmill, P.J. Have you read it? What action shall you take? Give it him hot, I say, if—

V. Dryasdustus. Pray hold; of what speak you?

Senator Windmill, P.J. What, haven't you read it? Why, the "unmanly" attack on you and the committee, by jingo—

V. Dryasdustus. Stop, stop, I pray you. Where did it appear? I have read my paper through, not omitting a single advertisement, yet have I not discovered such attack.

Windmill. It's not in our paper; it's in the Radical one. I've brought one here. By the lord 'arry, if I was you I'd—

Dryasdustus. One moment, please. [Reads.] Ah! this is serious. Ho, without there! [excitedly.]

Enter Attendant.

Dryasdustus. Never mind [to attendant]. Good Windmill, if thou dost love me, haste thee to the Alderman and tell him—; but stay, let us go to him in company. Oh, my good Windmill, how my heart flutters.

Windmill. By jingo, I'd—

SCENE III.—The Alderman's. Enter WINDMILL and DRYASDUSTUS.

The Alderman. I shall take no notice of the letter whatever. Cui bono?

Dryasdustus. But you, sir, are attacked. It is you, sir, against whom this deadly shaft is levelled. Is it not so, Senator Windmill?

Windmill. Everybody says so; it's really awful. I shall make it hot for him in the Rushlight, I'll bet; and friend H. says he'll mangle him in the jaws of the Crocodile. By the way, let's call in H. to advise us. By the lord 'arry, I say, we ought to—

Dryasdustus. Restrain your virtuous indignation, good Windmill, I pray thee. [To the Alderman.] I will then prepare the draft, and send it here. Adieu, my noble chief! Let us be gone, good Windmill.

Windmill. By the lord 'arry, I'd—

Dryasdustus. Never mind, come along. Now to the banks of the Nile. SCENE IV.—The sanctum of a distinguished leader-writer; adorned with plaster cast of MOMUS; on the walls, coloured drawings of the cranium of an Esquimaux (with legend, "Just like the boss's"), and of a Native of the Ombai Islands, which the P.D. has "ornamented a-top with cast-off silk hat and paper collar." He is discovered sitting on a pile of dictionaries.

Sapientum Octavus [addressing "Momus"]. "Unhomogeneous document"—"bald platitudes,"—"incongruous flourishes";—"astounding learning";—"and yet they call my style 'pedagogic'!" Capital idea that of the New Zealander; always tells;—floored T. C. H. with that. It beats the "unturned cake" hollow. If Manlius laughs at that, it will be a case of Ridere with a vengeance. Windmill wishes me to reply *Rabdo ore*; but I know better. Like old Jack Falstaff, I will slay the slain. Here's a deadly thrust;—"unhomogeneous document";—"ah! that were death alone! That is no *Tele imbelles sine ictu*; no "adumbration." Ah! [sighs] *Ut sepe summa ingenia in occulto latent*. But no matter! [Goes to cupboard, reaches down, and uncorks.]

[Rest of manuscript not to hand.]

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

CATHOLIC Cardinals would be greater fools than we take them to be if, while attending to the highest spiritual matters connected with the Church, they neglected to remember and satisfy the cravings of poor flesh-and-blood. That they run little risk of this would appear from what a Rome correspondent says respecting the recent Conclave for the election of Pope. The expenses of the Conclave, he states, amounted to 1,100,000 francs. Provisions had been stored up for three months to

admit of an indefinite prolongation of the election. Medicines of all kinds were also procured to provide against the eventual spread of illness among Cardinals. This sum includes the salaries of all attendants, the coining of gold and silver medals, furniture, workmen's wages, &c. A large quantity of the provisions has been sold again, but the consumption during only 36 days was what the correspondent puts down as "prodigious."

WHAT is known as "The Joiners' Strike" still continues in Manchester and Salford. In the eighth balance sheet the men's committee state that £311. 9s. has been received in subscriptions in aid of the strike fund from other trades; £5,787. 5s. 3d. from their fellow-tradesmen in other towns, and £5,800. 19s. 11d. in the form of local levies, subscribed by members of the associations who are at work in Manchester and neighbourhood. The total expenditure had been £11,863. 8s. 8½d., leaving a balance in hand of £36. 5s. 5½d. Over £11,000 expended in relieving men who would not work a stroke, and saw their good old situations taken away from them, because they couldn't get their full pound of flesh in the shape of wage! Well, we suppose they know best.

OSMAN PASHA, the hero of Plevna, has been liberated by the Russians, and is now the lion of Constantinople. The Sultan has invested him with the Grand Decoration of the Osmanie and the Star covered with brilliant, the gold military medal, and the sword of the late Sultan. The sword is likely to be of greater service in Osman's hand than it would be in the hand of any sultan. It is quite amusing to think of emperors, sultans, kings, and princes in connection with modern wars. They may be in nominal command, they may ride a charger, they may venture within six or seven miles of the place where their men are fighting and dying, they may hold a magnificent sword in their hand; but—well, that's all!

"HIMS"—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WEET Phæbe, with a mind surcharged with lore,
Culled from the text of many a classic tome,
Dreamed that the shepherds on a neighb'ring moor
Must correspond with those of Ancient Rome.

Thus, all-possessed, the artless damsel sought
The fields wherein the sheep to browse were used;
Conceiving there she'd find a shepherd taught
By Pan himself. And on her quest she mused—

"Oh! wonder-working pipe of shepherd swain,
Whose music, melting on the liquid air,
Pours timely solace on the lover's pain,
And saves him from the fulness of despair!"

"Oh! with what rapture must my soul be warmed,
To hear a shepherd in that tuneful mood,
In which young Acis Galatea charmed,
And Corydon the fair Alexis wooed!"

Thus musing of the shepherd's pipe and song—
Of vocal plains and sweet Virgilian groves
That love-lorn shepherds drive their flocks among,
And pipe and sing their heart-consuming loves—

Thus musing, Phæbe close in front espied
A shepherd with some wethers, Cheviot bred;
And, hast'ning nervously to his side,
Forthwith the simple-minded maiden said—

"Oh! gentle shepherd, by great Virgil famed,
Descendant of a race of classic type—
If thou would'st satisfy a soul inflamed,
Oh! gentle shepherd, tell me where's thy pipe?"

At first the shepherd looked like one dismayed
(Nor aught of Virgil nor of Pan he'd read),
Then vague expectance on his features played,
Whilst to the damsel's questioning he said—

"This 'ere short pipe is all the pipe I've got
(A dirty Dublin of the cutty class),
An' I should like to be a-smokin' o' 't,
But I aint got no baccy, nor no brass."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the City Jackdaw, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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EAGLE TELEGRAPH WORKS.—Offices, 52 and 55, Hatton Garden, E.C., London, Nov. 15th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTI LACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,
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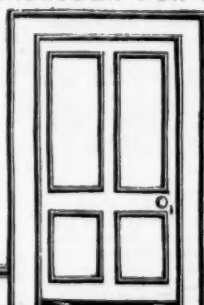
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